For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exerciſes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke.*

War. My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which neuer quaft but bloud,
Would by beholding him, haue waſht his knife,
With gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*

King But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*

Harry I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.

King Thy wiſh was father (Harry,) to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe! O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few houres,
Were thine, without offence, and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,

Thy life did manifeſt thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me die, aſſurde of it,
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at halfe an hower of my life.
What, canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an hower?
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine eare,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
Let all the teares that ſhould bedew my hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head,
Only compouud me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,
Downe royall ſtate, all you ſage counſailers, hence,
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now
From euery region, apes of idleneſſe:
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcumme
Haue you a ruffin that will ſweare, drinke, daunce,
Reuell the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kind of waies?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England ſhal double gild his trebble gilt,
England ſhall giue him office, honour, might:
For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
The muſſel of reſtraint, and the wild dogge
Shal fleſh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdome ſicke with ciuill blowes:
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.

Prince O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moiſt impediments vnto my ſpeech,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo